



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XV. [VI. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1838.

NO. 7.

SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

HENRIETTA HARRISON; Or the Blue Cotton Umbrella.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

[Concluded.]

Just then the breakfast bell rung, accompanied by a flourish of hands from the chief waiter, and an announcement that 'the ladies will please to walk down this here staircase, and the gentlemen that there.' These directions were accordingly followed; and on descending, each gentleman resumed his ladies (if he had any) and proceeded to the breakfast table with them. Our heroine and her uncle were joined by Luttrell and his sisters, and there was a cordial greeting between Henrietta and her former schoolmate. Mr. Markham laid his umbrella on the settee behind him, and Henrietta covered it with her shawl. Supposing, however, that with all her precautions, it could not have escaped the notice of the Luttrell party, she said softly to Eliza, when breakfast was over, and the gentleman had gone to settle for it with the steward, 'are you not surprised at my uncle, Mr. Markham, carrying a coarse, common, blue cotton umbrella?'

'I did not observe it,' replied Miss Luttrell.

'Ah! it is very kind in you to say so—but I thought the eyes of the whole steamboat were upon it, as he came down to breakfast.'

'I rather think,' observed Mrs. Osborne, smiling, 'that the attention of the company was engaged in looking out for convenient seats at table.'

'You quite revive me with that hope,' said Henrietta.—'But really, old gentleman, particularly uncles, have such strange notions, and are so regardless of appearance, and so impenetrable to reason. I must try and get that hateful umbrella out of uncle Mark's hands, it will annoy me during the whole journey. Will both of you oblige me by engaging his attention, while I convey it out of his reach for the remainder of our voyage?'

The two ladies kindly assented, engaging in an animated conversation with Mr. Markham, when the gentleman returned; and on leaving the cabin, he gave his arm to Eliza Luttrell, while Mrs. Osborne took that of her brother. Henrietta lingered behind, and slipped into the ladies' cabin, with her own shawl and the blue cotton umbrella. 'You vile, vulgar thing,' said she, 'you are to be exhibited on the upper deck by way of parasol?—No, you shall never have a chance.' And she then, exerting all her strength and skill, contrived to break the spring, so as to render the umbrella useless.

'After this notable exploit, Henrietta returned to the deck, where the whole party were enabled to obtain seats together, on the best side of the boat. The magnificence of the scenery, now engaged the whole attention of our heroine, particularly as its beauties were pointed out to her by Luttrell. The Palisade Rocks ranged wild and high along the Jersey shore, their feet in the river, their heads rising against the clear blue sky. They presented a solid, perpendicular wall, built by no mortal hand, and extending uninterruptedly for more than twenty miles, and in some places exceeding the height of five hundred feet. Sometimes, at their greatest elevation, they came out in bold headlands, as if to approach the opposite shore; and then they seemed to retire back, and give the river space to widen. The dark and solemn gray that formed their prevailing tint, was blended harmoniously with the brown, and green, and yellow, of the mosses that enlivened them with their many-colored lights. The wild vines and saplings, starting from clefts and crevices, and clinging to their sides, prepared the eye for the deep green of the forests that crowned their towering summits, which seemed to be looking at themselves, as they lay inverted with downward head on the mirrored waters of the clear calm river. 'Though affording every day delight and admiration to hundreds of spectators,' observed Luttrell—'these barrier rocks, these awful ramparts of a stupendous fortress, look as sublime and lovely as when they first met the gaze of the

earliest adventurers that awoke the lovely shores of this noble river from the slumber of ages. Well may Europeans confess that the scenery of the Hudson is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Even to me as familiar as I am with it, it is 'ever charming, ever new.'

Mr. Markham, whose father had fought in the war of independence, kindled into eloquence as they passed the sites of Fort Lee and Fort Washington. When the lofty Palisades, gradually diminishing in height, sunk into low and straggling mounds of mossy stone, and the river expanded into what is called the Tappan Sea, (which is in one place five miles across,) the old man showed to his niece a glimpse of the village where the ill-fated Andre was executed and consigned to a humble grave beneath a lonely cypress. The tree has since been transplanted to one of the royal gardens in England, while the remains of the gallant and unfortunate spy now repose in Westminster Abbey beneath a sculptured sarcophagus, and surrounded by the ashes of kings and heroes. On passing Stony Point with its little light-house, Mr. Markham gave some anecdotes of the contest at that memorable spot, for his father had been there; and he pointed out the place where near the opposite promontory the British ship Vulture had lain when she received on board the traitor Arnold, whose name so much excited him that, unable to proceed, the old gentleman started up and paced the deck to calm himself. At last looking up the river he exclaimed,—'Ah! there is the old Dunderberg—we shall be in the Highlands directly.' They passed the Dunderberg and entered that sublime and picturesque region of the Hudson, where the mountains seem to close around and give to the river the form of a lake. There was a general silence among the spectators, except when an involuntary exclamation was heard from those who were new to the scene, as another and another mountain came grandly into view, with their masses of granite projecting through the forest trees that clambered to their summits, and their green and changing shadows darkening the clear blue water that flowed at their feet.

The approach of our voyagers to 'the Gibraltar of America' was denoted by the lonely ruins of Fort Putnam frowning from its mountain-rock; and presently the buildings connected with the military academy appeared in succession, as the boat rounded the promontory.

Mr. Markham told of an old revolutionary officer of the Pennsylvania line, who, after the lapse of forty years, had gone up the Hudson, intending to land at West Point; where in his youth, he had made one of Washington's army. But when the veteran saw those rude heights, which, when he last beheld them, were covered with tents and crowned with batteries, now sprinkled with modern buildings and decorated with trim gardens, his heart failed and he relinquished his intention of going on shore.* 'I cannot,' said he, 'reconcile myself to the change that must come over my last and long impressions of West Point, if I venture to see it as it now is. I wish always to think of this place, as I knew it when occupied by the army of Washington, and I shrink from the idea of having these recollection disturbed. Let it continue in my mind's eye to look as it did then.' The boat passed on and the old officer turned away his head from West Point till it could be seen no more.

Henrietta was very sorry that they could not make a visit to this far-famed and delightful spot, and stay there at least till next day; but her uncle had ascertained early that morning, from the gentleman just come down from there in the night boat, that the hotel could not furnish a sleeping-place for another human being, many of the guests having been glad to obtain mattresses laid on the floor of the passages, and Mr. Markham's informant having gone through the night on the table in the belvedere or lantern at the top of the house, the moon shining down on his face from the sky-light above. 'Never mind, Henrietta,' said Mr. Markham, 'you shall see West Point yet, in the course of your life, at some time when we can be sure that the pleasures of the day will not be counterbalanced by the miseries of the night. If every body was of that opinion, I think there would be much less traveling. There was a time when I could rough it myself, as well as any one; but I see no reason for doing so now, unless I have some good purpose in view. And as to women, they had better learn hardships somewhere else, than in crowded hotels. I wonder what is to become of the large party of ladies and gentlemen that landed there just now? I heard them say they depended on luck; but I do not know where their luck is to come from.'

'I have frequently,' said Luttrell, 'been both amazed and amused at the improvidence

of persons who go to places of great resort, without taking the slightest precaution to secure any species of accommodation. I was once at West Point (it was before the hotel was opened,) when, for want of previous arrangements, an extremely large company found their day of anticipated pleasure converted into a day of incessant annoyance and discomfort.'

'And how was that?' asked Mr. Markham.

'Several of the New-York schools,' resumed Luttrell, 'had united in a plan for their pupils to come up in the Safety Barge, and pass the fourth of July at West Point. But the instructors never thought of sending beforehand any intimation of their purpose. The Safety Barge moved slowly, and they did not arrive till all the dinners on West Point were over. Mr. Cozzens was standing at his door, when he saw about three hundred people ascending the hill, and coming *en masse* to the mess house. Knowing that it would be impossible to accommodate them, and dreading the sight of their disappointment and vexation, he had some thoughts of flying to the mountains and hiding himself in the woods: but they approached so fast, that he was obliged to man himself to meet the attack. They were all hungry, having eaten nothing since an early breakfast. To cook an extempore dinner for so many persons, would be difficult any where, and was impossible at West Point. All he could do, was to seat them on the benches in the mess-rooms, and give them 'all the bread and cheese he'd got,' and whatever else could be found.'

'At least,' said Henrietta, 'they could have the pleasure of walking about and seeing something of the place, while their meal was preparing.'

'No,' resumed Luttrell, 'they had not even that enjoyment. Just as they landed, the clouds, which had been gathering all day, came up from behind the mountains, and it began to rain: notwithstanding which, some of the boys made off directly for Fort Putnam: but two of the teachers instantly pursued them, broke rods from the trees, and whipped them back. And these unfortunate pleasure-seekers were scarcely under shelter of the mess house, before the rain poured down in torrents. They had no umbrellas.'

'More shame for them,' said Mr. Markham.

'Therefore,' pursued Luttrell, 'all they could do, after they had appeased their hunger, was to sit listless about the benches, or stroll up and down the room, and gaze wistfully from the windows at the wet and soaking plain, and the hills dimly looming through the heavy rain. The steamboat going down to the city had passed West Point before

their arrival, and the Safety Barge in which they had come had left them and gone on. To stay all night was out of the question, and they were completely in jeopardy. The rain continued all the afternoon (and indeed all night,) without a moment's intermission, and there was no prospect of the clouds breaking away; all was one dense, monotonous gray till next morning. Towards evening, an old tow-boat was seen on the river, slowly dragging along a heavy-laden freight-barge on each side, and our unlucky party of three hundred had no alternative but to take their passage down to the city in this uncomfortable conveyance, where they must have passed the night, crowded to suffocation, quite bedless and nearly food-less.'

'Poor people!' exclaimed Henrietta, 'how much they were to be pitied—particularly the school-children.'

'They were, indeed,' said Mr. Markham—'but as to the teachers, or at least the leaders of the enterprise, they were almost rightly served for their improvidence, in not sending up to West Point in due time, to ascertain what arrangements could be made for them. Then, if they had taken the earliest morning boat, instead of the slow Safety Barge, they would have arrived some hours before the rain came on, and could have seen a great deal of the place, and gone comfortably down in the early afternoon boat. Above all, they could have walked out and looked about them, even in spite of the rain, if every one had had the sense to bring an umbrella. Henrietta, is that one of mine safe?'

Henrietta, who had felt something like the prick of a thorn, whenever the umbrella was mentioned, was just now taken with an excessive admiration of a party of crows that were flying about an old tree projecting from one of the rocks on the shore; and she was listening so attentively to their cawing that she could not hear her uncle's question. 'Really,' said she, 'there is something very striking in the note of these birds, and their plumage is of such a beautiful black; they are also remarkably well shaped.'

Having nothing more to say upon crows, she felt quite grateful to Mrs. Osborne, when, by an easy transition, that lady immediately led the conversation to ravens, and the superstitious association of those melancholy birds with forebodings of death and horror: and this lasted till they were out of the Highlands, and stopped to land and receive passengers at Newburgh.

After the boat had called at the numerous towns that line both side of the Hudson from Newburgh upwards, and always taken in as many passengers as were put out, the lofty range of the Catskills came in view, but far distant from the shore, and rising vast and blue against the western horizon. Their

summits were now veiled in heavy clouds, blended with those of the firmament, and assuming as they extended upwards a still darker color, and a more voluminous form. 'I think we shall have a change of weather before the day is over,' observed Eliza Luttrell—'it is already raining on the tops of the Catskills.'

'Oh! but mountains are no rule,' said Henrietta quickly, and feeling a sort of tremor at the very mention of rain.

'Yes, they are,' said her uncle—'particularly when the wind sets directly from them. Excuse her ignorance, ladies—she has passed most of her life in Philadelphia, where she could have had no experience of any thing higher than Market street hill.'

Till the boat arrived at the city of Hudson, Henrietta's attention was chiefly occupied in watching the clouds herself, and in trying to divert her uncle from observing them. At Hudson they were to part with the Luttrells, and Mrs. Osborne pressed Mr. Markham to land there with his niece, and pass the night and morning at her father's house, taking the boat to Albany when it came along in the afternoon. Both the ladies saw much to like in our heroine (and also much to excuse,) and they already understood that this invitation would be very gratifying to their brother. But Mr. Markham, though he had made due acknowledgments for their offered hospitality, could not be persuaded to accept it—to the great regret of Henrietta, whose only consolation was, that she should be spared the mortification of the Luttrells seeing him walk on shore with the blue cotton umbrella in his hand. She was too new to the world to understand that the Luttrells were so truly genteel as not to attach the slightest consequence to any thing of the sort. They took leave, after expressing their hope of receiving a visit at some future time from Mr. Markham and Miss Harrison, and the old gentleman shook them all by the hand, and gave them a warm invitation to Markhamville. The Luttrell party were met at the landing-place by their father, who, giving an arm to each of the ladies, proceeded up the street with them.

'There is Mr. Luttrell still standing on the wharf,' said Henrietta, as the boat passed along the high bank on which part of the town is built. 'He seems to be looking earnestly after us.'

'No doubt,' said her uncle—'he is looking earnestly at the boat. When we met one that was coming down, did you not hear him say that he knew not a nobler or more imposing sight, than a fine steamboat careering through the water. All men like to gaze on steamboats; and so they should, for they are glorious things. Do you know the history of their invention?'

'How should I,' replied Henrietta—I never learned it.'

'You are not aware then of Fitch having constructed the first steamboat, but that Fulton brought the invention to success?'

'I never had a lesson on the subject.'

'I thought not. What was the origin of that bonnet on your head?'

'It came from Leghorn, and Madame Gaubert trimmed it.'

'Ah!' said her uncle—'you require no instruction on subjects of that kind. Now come and walk the deck with me, and I will be Peter Parley for a while, and tell you all about steamboats.'

To his explanation, which was sensible and clear, Henrietta would have 'seriously inclined,' only that her eyes wandered too frequently to the clouds that were gathering in the west, and she feared the commencement of a rain, which would accelerate the discovery of the mutilated umbrella. Her fears were realized: the wind rose and brought up the clouds, the rain began, and it blew in under the awning. 'Henrietta,' said her uncle, 'you had better go down into the cabin till we land. I will see after the baggage, and then meet you at the door of the dining-cabin, where you can bring me my umbrella.'

'Henrietta felt that the *eclaircissement* was at hand. 'Foolish that I was,' thought she—'Why did not I reflect on the certainty of discovery?'

She slowly descended the stairs, and on entering the ladies' cabin she found a woman and child lying in the berth where she had placed the shawl and umbrella, on inquiring for which, they were produced by Minna, the chamber-maid, who had taken care of them. Henrietta looked wistfully at the umbrella. 'Miss,' said the Mulatto girl, in a low voice, 'you mustn't tell the old gentleman that I broke that there rumberell, for I saw you do it yourself. To be sure, it is none of my business how the ladies choose to 'muse themselves, but I did think it strange—specially as you had such hard work to get it broke. Please not to say I did it.'

'Certainly, I shall not,' replied Henrietta, indignantly—'I had no such thought. What sort of person do you take me for?'

'I beg your pardon, Miss,' answered the girl—I never like to say no harm of nobody, but a great many ladies as is very genteel, don't stop at fibs no how.'

'But I do, said Henrietta. 'I am sorry now I broke the umbrella, for it is raining very fast, and we have no other. I have had several of my own, but lost them all in some way.'

'I thought you would be sorry,' rejoined Minna. It seemed to me the most unaccountable thing I ever seen. But it was not my business to say any thing to stop it.

I concluded you might be a great *mischieve*, and that may be you thought it good fun to break a rumberell o' purpose.'

'Fun!' said Henrietta, 'I fear it will turn out no fun for me.'

Her uncle now called her, from the door of the dining cabin.

'What shall I do?' said Henrietta, who, for want of a female friend, was insensibly taking the chambermaid into her confidence.

'You would not like to tell a fib, you say,' replied the girl, ponderingly.

'No, I would not. What fib could I tell?'

'Why,' said Minna, speaking almost in a whisper—'you might easily make him 'bieve that that there woman as got into the birth, gave it to her child to play with, and atween the two they broke it.'

'I would not tell such a falsehood for the world!' exclaimed Henrietta.

'Hush, miss—people will hear you. Now I don't see a bit of harm in it. For as they don't belong to *him*, you needn't be the least afraid that the old gentleman will either scold the mother, or whip the child.'

'Henrietta!' called her uncle again.

'Oh! murmured Henrietta, 'I feel like Blue Beard's wife, when her husband was calling her to come and have her head cut off.'

'Dear me,' said the girl, catching her last words, 'Is that the way the old gentleman serves people, when they do mischief. What a Turk he must be. But I am very sure the captain won't allow no such thing on board of his boat, no how.'

'Absurd nonsense!' said Henrietta. 'But I really wish I did know how to get through this foolish difficulty.'

'Take my advice, miss,' said Minna. 'To help oneself out of a scrape, there's nothing like a good hard fib.'

By this time both cabins were vacated, by the passengers all having gone on deck for the purpose of Landing. Henrietta saw her uncle impatiently approaching her; and summoning all her courage she went up to him, and displaying the broken umbrella, said with a sort of smile—'See what I have done, uncle Mark.'

'Broken my new umbrella! That is a bad thing—a very bad thing, indeed! How did it happen?'

'I did it on purpose, dear uncle.'

'Really! You must have found it rather a difficult job.'

'I did—the spring was very hard to break.'

'I need not ask your motive for this pretty exploit, as I see through it at once.' He sat down on a chair, and having leaned back and pondered awhile, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, he said calmly to Henrietta, who was busily searching for something in her travel-

ing basket. 'Very well—you of course, expect to take the consequences?'

'What consequences, dear uncle?'

'Walking up State Street, to the American Hotel, with nothing to shelter you from the rain, which is now falling in torrents.'

'Oh! uncle!—surely you will get a carriage.'

'Surely I will not. I am always glad of an opportunity to give pride a fall.'

'Indeed, uncle, I am not proud—at least not very. Think how my clothes will be ruined by walking in the rain.'

'I know they will.'

'Oh! uncle! have you no apprehension for yourself, or your own clothes?'

'None—my clothes are not my first consideration. And as to myself, I have been wet a thousand times. I never stopped for rain when I was cutting down the trees to begin my first clearing, (for I made two towns before Markhamville.) so now I am able to bear it with all its accompaniments. But come, it is time we were on shore. The rain has set in for the evening, and it will soon be dark.'

'I wish it *was* dark,' said Henrietta, pouting her lip. 'If we must drizzle through the wet, I would rather it were night, for then fewer people would see us. It is so disgraceful to be trudging unsheltered, through a pouring rain in daylight.'

'Still more so than carrying a blue cotton umbrella; is it not?' said Mr. Markham. 'But come, the baggage is all ready, and consigned to a porter; so we will quit the boat immediately.'

'Dear uncle Mark!—do get a carriage.'

'No, I will not—I have thought it, and I have said it. You might as well attempt to move Mount Washington.' He then ascended the staircase, leaving her to follow.

'Miss,' said the mulatto girl, as she assisted Henrietta to put on her shawl, 'If I was you I wouldn't give up to him no how. Persevere upon your pint, and keep a teasing till you get the carriage out of him.'

'Oh, no!' said Henrietta, sighing. 'now he's at his mountains there's no hope,' and slipping a quarter-dollar into the hand of the sympathizing chambermaid, she walked slowly up the staircase, and joined her uncle in silence. They then proceeded to the landing-board and walked on shore, attacked on all sides by hackney coachman clamoring to know if they did not want a carriage. Henrietta had some hope that their importunities would induce Mr. Markham to relent, but he marched on with a steady face past them all, carrying under his arm the useless blue cotton umbrella. His niece walked resentfully beside him, holding up her dress with both hands, setting down her feet hard and splashing the mud rather more than was necessary,

while the rain ran in streams over her bonnet, penetrated her shawl, and drenched her completely. 'What a glorious entrance into Albany,' said Henrietta.

'You have one consolation,' observed her uncle, who bore 'the pelting' of the pitiless storm' with perfect *sang-froid*, 'there is nobody here that either knows or cares for you.'

'I am not sure of that,' answered Henrietta; 'several of our former school-girls were from Albany; and it is not three months since my class-mate, Miss Melinda Peacock, married a gentleman of this place and came here to live. Ah, horror! there she is looking out of her front parlor window!'

And with this exclamation, our mortified heroine turned her head towards the street, and hastily slipped on the other side of her uncle, to lessen the chance of being recognised by the *cidevant* Miss Peacock. Mr. Markham smiled first, and sighed afterwards.

A short walk through the rain seems a very long one, and Henrietta asked if they were never to reach the hotel. 'In the course of time we undoubtedly shall,' replied her uncle.

'Suppose we find it full,' said Henrietta; 'are we to paddle through the rain all over Albany in search of a night's lodging?'

'No fear of that,' answered Mr. Markham. 'I wrote two days ago to engage apartments. Come, cheer up—your troubles will soon be over.'

On arriving at the place of destination they were immediately shown to a private parlor, where, though the season was summer, Mr. Markham ordered a fire, to correct the dampness of the atmosphere, and guard against any chillness after their exposure to the rain. 'Was there ever such a forlorn figure?' exclaimed Henrietta, taking off her dripping shawl, and looking in the glass. 'The crown of my bonnet is so beaten in that there is a puddle standing in the top, and the front is like a shapeless rag—the flowers have been washed to pieces, and the bows are drooping in colorless bunches—rivers have run down the pleats of my frock—my beautiful collar is a wretched wisp—my gloves are glued to my hands with the wet, and I have lost my basket. Oh! how deplorable I am! I never can get in order again.'

'Yes, you can,' said her uncle; 'I am well convinced you will not remain in this condition twenty-four hours. Here comes the chambermaid, she will show you to your room at once, and when you have changed your dress let me see you again, looking as spruce as ever.'

Henrietta, in deep displeasure, retired to her apartment, disengaged herself from her dripping garments, put on a night-dress, and having rung for the chambermaid, and desired her to take all the wet things out of her

sight, and keep them herself or do what she pleased with them, she sent word to her uncle that she should drink her tea in her own room. 'I am determined,' said she to herself, 'that I will not speak to him all day to-morrow.'

Having sent away her scarcely-tasted tea, and placed her lamp in the chimney, she attempted to settle herself for the night. But she found it impossible to get to sleep. In vain she shook her pillow, and moved it from side to side. She was too much discomposed with vexation at her uncle for compelling her to walk through the street in the rain, and for causing the destruction of her dress. 'Of course,' thought she, 'he considers it nothing more than a good wholesome punishment for breaking his beloved umbrella, which to be sure *would* have sheltered us; but how did I know that it was going to rain, and why did he annoy me by persisting in bringing the ugly thing along with him? Well, I have one comfort—he has to pass the whole evening alone by himself; for as the rain continues, I do not believe he will go out any where after so thorough a wetting, lightly as he may profess to think of it.'

Finding sleep out of the question for the present, Henrietta arose: and placing the lamp on the table, she opened one of her trunks to seek for a book that might divert her attention from the thoughts and feelings that were depriving her of rest, and the indulgence of which beyond half an hour was equally new and irksome to her. She took a volume of Irving's Sketch Book, and on turning over the leaves her eye was attracted by that beautiful essay on funerals and cemeteries, in which he depicts the 'compunctious visitings' that when looking on the grave of a departed friend will bring anguish to our hearts if when living we caused him grief and trouble. In these sad moments, when the green sod has 'covered every defect and extinguished every resentment,' little things will seem great ones in the mirror of conscience. Jests that while they caused a momentary smile left a sting behind them, petulant retorts, perverse actions, wayward humors, all we have ever done to vex and annoy him while in life, will crowd upon our memory with painful distinctness. And their thorns will be sharpened by the certainty that to the dust of him who can return no more, our regret and our penitence are alike unavailing.

Henrietta laid down the book. A cold shudder ran through her veins, as she fearfully looked forward to the time when her old uncle, good notwithstanding his positiveness, and sensible in the midst of his peculiarities, should be extended on the bed of death, or consigned to the dark and lonely grave. She covered her face, and leaned her head on the

table. An entire reaction took place in her views and feelings. She resumed the monitory page of the elegant and amiable writer, and her tears fell fast upon it as she read these impressive words, 'Take warning by the bitterness of thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties towards the living.'

'I will—I will,' she mentally exclaimed. 'From this time I will cease to tease and annoy my good uncle, for he is good after all, and well deserves my respect, my gratitude, and my affection. No—when I visit his grave (here her tears redoubled) it shall not be in contrition and penitence.'

Poor Henrietta—if every one felt as she did then, there would in the whole world be no unkindness towards the living, and no remorse towards the dead.

Her resolution was instantly taken; it was to go down to Mr. Markham and entreat his forgiveness. 'To think,' said she, 'that I should attempt a fit of sullenness to my old uncle—I, that never could be sullen to any one, even to Mrs. Strickland. What excessive folly to allow his umbrella to cause me such unfounded annoyance! And then so highly to resent the salutary lesson which he thought proper to give me—to leave him to take his tea by himself and pass the evening alone. How could I presume to go to bed, and expect to sleep, without bidding him a kind good night!'

Our heroine soon composed herself so far as to wash the tears from her face, comb and arrange her hair, dress herself neatly, and descend to the parlor. Mr. Markham had long since changed his wet clothes, and eaten his solitary supper. After pacing the room, and going to the window, and gazing unconsciously at the rain, he had thrown himself into a seat and tried to read an evening paper, but its contents conveyed no ideas to his abstracted mind. He was holding it listlessly in one hand, his arm thrown over the back of his chair, and his eyes fixed on the mantel-piece, when Henrietta entered the room with a step even lighter than usual. She had mediated a little speech to address him with, but when she saw how anxious and unhappy he looked, her utterance failed; and gliding behind him she laid her head on her uncle's shoulder, and burst into tears. Mr. Markham started up, caught her hand and pressed it warmly, and drew his own across his eyes. He then put her down into a chair, and traversed the room in much agitation. 'Henrietta,' said he, 'you should not have deserted your old uncle this evening; and above all, you should not have quitted him in anger. The affair of the umbrella was a piece of girlish folly, which I thought I did right in punishing—though perhaps I went a

little too far. But it gave me no pain compared to what I have since felt in seeing you encourage the continuance of a fit of temper—and against me, too. But perhaps, after all, I am not sufficiently tolerant of the fancies and notions of young people. Poor things! it is hard for them to be always right, when those that are old enough to have wisdom are so often wrong. Come, Henrietta, I will make a bargain with you. I will hold the rein more loosely, if you will be less restive under it.'

'The one will be a natural consequence of the other, dear uncle,' said Henrietta, smiling through her tears.

'We have now come to an understanding,' observed Mr. Markham, drawing his niece towards him and kissing her forehead; 'and I foresee that after a little practice, we shall go on very smoothly. But I wish you had been here to pour out my tea for me—I think a great deal of my tea—your withholding your presence made me so uncomfortable that I could drink but half a cup.'

'And I did not take even that,' said Henrietta.

'Did not you?' exclaimed her uncle. 'then I will order tea over again, and we will now have it pleasantly together.'

They sat over the tea-table in great good humor, and Mr. Markham talked to his niece of the arrangements he had made for her at Markhamville, and told her that he would remain next day at Albany that she might see something of the city and its vicinity, there being now indications of a clear sunrise; as the rain had ceased, the clouds were dispersing, and a few stars already glimmered in the zenith.

Henrietta rose early next morning, and was so over-good as to go herself with the blue cotton umbrella to get it mended at the nearest shop. It was finished and sent home soon after breakfast. Her uncle made no comment, not exactly liking to talk about it; but he went out afterwards, and ordered two very handsome silk ones for himself and his niece, to be sent to Markhamville.

The morning was spent in seeing various things in Albany; and the afternoon was devoted to a drive along the banks of the willow-shaded Mohawk, as far as the beautiful falls of Cohoes, and to visiting the Shaker establishment at Niskayuna, where the cold, immovable, passionless, and corpse-like faces of the females gave Henrietta a sensation somewhat approaching to horror; and she told her uncle that the laborious and excessive neatness of their dwelling-places was absolutely painful to look at or think of.

By the time they arrived at their journey's end our heroine had learned that it is not an umbrella or any other accidental appendage that denotes either the gentleman or

the lady, and that Mr. Markham would have been regarded with respect had he traveled from Main to Florida with a *parapluie* of tow-cloth.

'There is my last town—there is Markhamville!' said her uncle as they approached a pretty and flourishing little place on a fine stream that was turning various saw-mills and flour-mills. There were a main street and two cross streets, of fresh, brightly painted houses, each standing in its own garden. There was the usual proportion of taverns and stores, also a market-house, two churches, and an academy. At the upper end of the main street stood Mr. Markham's spacious mansion of everlasting granite, shaded with aboriginal trees that had been left for the purpose when the forest was converted into a town. The housekeeper, a smart, active, pleasant-fancied old woman, came out in her holiday suit to meet them; and in half an hour after their arrival, she introduced them to a tea-table whose very inviting contents might have feasted twenty people.

Under the guidance of Mrs. Bowlby, Henrietta Harrison became such a proficient in house-wifery that her uncle pronounced her buff-paste to be quite equal to that of her instructress; and the stockings that she knit for him were certainly shaped with far more grace and symmetry than any that had been manufactured by her veteran mistress in the art.

The blue cotton umbrella hung always in the hall behind the front-door; and our heroine had become so used to it, that she frequently carried it herself when she went out in dull weather.

A year passed on; and young Luttrell had nearly faded from Henrietta's memory, as she supposed she had done from his; her uncle having apprised her that traveling acquaintances are not expected to be lasting. Besides which she was the belle of Markhamville, and laughed and flirted equally with all the Markhamville beaux, namely, two young lawyers, one young doctor, the most genteel of the storekeepers, the second principal of the academy (the first had a wife,) the minister, who, however, was a widower with nine children, and therefore not a very good match, and the editor of the Markhamville People's Luminary, who had talked poetry beautifully, and expected some day to be in Congress.

One day, having business at the principal store, and the clouds threatening rain Henrietta took the blue cotton umbrella and carried it out with her. Having made her purchases the rain began to drop just as she left Mr. Griddlesby's door.

At that moment a stage stopped to change horses at the neighboring tavern, and one of its passengers was Mr. Luttrell, then on his way to inspect some land which he owned in

the far north-west. Seeing a remarkably genteel looking young lady standing on the steps of the store and putting up a blue cotton umbrella (which by this time was much faded,) his attention was excited for a moment; and looking at her with some curiosity, he found her surprisingly handsome both in face and figure. The chord of memory was new touched, and he instantly recollected the very pretty and somewhat *espiegle* school-girl with whom he had been a little smitten in the Albany boat, and whose mortification at her uncle's blue cotton umbrella his sister had amusingly hinted to him. The truth flashed upon him at once. There was that very pretty girl carrying that very same blue cotton umbrella, and as she walked up the street with it he thought he had never seen a more prepossessing air and figure. He recollected, too, that he was now at Markhamville, (of which place and its founder he had just had a history from a gentleman in the stage,) and that the uncle of the fair vision before him had given him the preceding year, at parting, an invitation to his house in case of traveling in that direction.

'I will take him at his word,' thought Luttrell—and he determined to remain at Markhamville till next day.

The arrangement was soon accomplished; and having engaged a room at the inn, unpacked his trunk, changed his dress, and made himself look his very best, he proceeded to Mr. Markham's house, where he was immediately recognised and gladly received by the old gentleman and Henrietta.

It was about the same season in the following year, that after repeated visits to Markhamville, (each one more pleasant than the last,) Luttrell brought with him his sister Eliza to act as bridesmaid to our heroine: her uncle having consented to her marriage with a resident of the city of New-York, only on condition that they should make him a long visit every summer.

'Henrietta,' said Luttrell, as they passed through the hall on the day after their wedding, 'great events arise from little causes. I have not yet told you to what circumstance we owe our present happiness, (for I am sure it is mutual,) and which must be dated from the renewal of our acquaintance, when I accidentally arrived last summer at Markhamville. It was to my recognizing you by that blue cotton umbrella, which I more than suspect caused you much annoyance on the day we were fellow passengers in the steam-boat.'

'Ungallant already!' said Henrietta, sportively. 'Before we were married you suppressed that important fact, and allowed me to suppose that you had never lost sight of me in your mind's eye, and that you required nothing to bring me to your recollection but

a glance at myself alone. But *n'importe*—I am willing to owe our present happiness, as you justly term it, even to a blue cotton umbrella.'

MISCELLANY.

The Ruling Passion.

BONAPARTE died in his military garb, his Field Marshal's uniform and his boots, which he had ordered to be put on a short time previous to his dissolution.

Augustus Caesar chose to die in a standing position, and was careful in arranging his person and dress for the occasion.

Seward, Earl of Northumberland, when at the point of death, quitted his bed and put on his armor, saying—'that it became not a man to die like a beast.'

A more remarkable instance is that of Maria Theresa, of Austria, who, a short time before she breathed her last, having fallen into a slight slumber, one of the ladies in attendance remarked that her Majesty seemed to be asleep. 'No,' said she, 'I could sleep if I would indulge in repose, but I am sensible of the near reproach of death, and I will not allow myself to be surprised by him in my sleep; I wish to meet my dissolution awake.'

Such are the efforts of poor expiring mortality—still clinging to earth—still laboring for the breath of posterity and exhausting itself in efforts to rise with 'gracefulness at the last.'

Precipitation.

THE effects of precipitation are fancifully illustrated in the following parable from the East:—

'I have heard that a king of Persia had a favorite hawk. Being one day on a hunting party with his hawk upon his head, a deer started up before him; he let the hawk fly and followed it with great eagerness till at length the deer was taken. The courtiers were all left behind in the chase. The king being thirsty, rode about in quest of water, till having reached the foot of a mountain, he discovered some trickling down from the rock.—He took a little cup out of his quiver, and held it to catch the water. Just when the cup was filled, and he was going to drink, the hawk shook his pinions and upset the cup. The king was vexed at the accident and again applied the cup to the hole in the rock. When the cup was replenished, and he was lifting it to his mouth, the hawk clapped his wings and threw it down, at which the king was so enraged that he flung the bird with such violence against the ground that it expired.

'At this time the table-decker came up; he took a napkin out of his budget, wiped the cup, and was going to give the king some water to drink. The king said he had a

great inclination to taste the pure water that distilled through the rock; but not having patience to wait for its being collected by drops he ordered the table-decker to go to the top of the mountain and fill the cup at the fountain-head.

'The table-decker having reached the top of the mountain, saw a large dragon lying dead at the spring, and his poisonous foam mixing with the water, fell in drops through the rock. He decended, related the fact to the king, and presented him with a cup of cold water of his flagon.

'When the king had lifted the cup to his lips, the tears gushed from his eyes. He then related to the table-decker the adventure of the hawk, made many reflections upon the destructive consequences of precipitancy and thoughtlessness, and during the remainder of his life the arrow of regret was continually rankling in his breast.'

Education of Females.

SINCE there is a season when the youthful must cease to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration, to learn *how to grow old gracefully*, is perhaps one of the rarest and most valuable arts that can be taught to woman. And it must be confessed, it is a most severe trial for those women to lay down beauty, who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its rich resources. However disregarded they may have been, they will be wanted now.

When admirers fall away, and flatterers are mute, the mind will be driven to retire into itself, and if it find no entertainment at home, it will be driven back again upon the world with increasing force. Yet forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth? Do we not educate them for a crowd and not for themselves? for show and not for use? for time and not for eternity?

An Invitation to Dinner.

It was observed that a covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him. 'I'll lay a wager,' said a wag, 'I get an invitation from him.' The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house, and tells the servant he must speak with his master immediately, for he can save him a thousand pounds.

'Sir,' said the servant to his master, 'Here is a man in a great hurry to speak with you, who says he can save you a thousand pounds.' (Out came the master.)

'What is that you say, sir—that you can save me a thousand pounds?'

'Yes sir, I can—but I see that you are at dinner; I will go myself and dine and call again.'

'O, pray, sir, come in and take dinner with me.'

'Sir, I shall be troublesome.'

'Not at all.'

The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over, and the family had retired, 'well, sir,' said the man of the house, 'now, sir, to our business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds?'

'Why, sir, said the other, I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage.' 'I have.'

'And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds.'

'I do so.'

'Why, then, sir, let me have her, and I will take her for nine thousand.'

The master of the house rose in a passion and turned him out of doors.

Formation of Character.

As early as the age of twenty, every one should consider the importance of having a good moral character; and should endeavor to form and acquire it. At that age, there is usually maturity of intellect enough to distinguish between good and evil, and to decide on the course to be pursued. Conscience and the moral sense have full power to discriminate and choose. The right and the wrong of actions are clearly perceived and understood, and the different results of each, as to our present being, at least, were we to extend our views no further, may be justly apprehended.

It has been often and justly said, that we are creatures of habit. And habits of a moral character are early formed. We have passions and are liable to temptations;—if we yield to evil desires for a time, they become stronger; if we are overcome by early temptations, we shall have less power to resist afterward. The course began and pursued for a season, will, except by an uncommon effort, or some remarkable occurrence, most probably be pursued. It will be *natural* to continue it. And hence the necessity of setting out right; and of entering the right path early.

It is a common error, but a great and dangerous error, that a moral reformation, or change of moral character can, at any time and easily, be effected. It is far otherwise. Besides if there be a right course, (both as our duty and happiness are concerned,) the sooner we enter upon it the better.—We shall thus show our wisdom and provide for our interest. Not to do so, will be acting on a principle, which, in other and common affairs of life, every one condemns.

We venture to say to the young then.—See to your moral character.—Get knowledge and wisdom—and with all thy getting get understanding.' Seek for useful knowl-

edge; and let this knowledge guide you. If a man knows how to pilot a ship or to manage a farm, and yet sleeps or haunts the tavern, when he should be watching and working at his post—what should we think of him? The light of conscience must guide; the moral sense must be the criterion: evil desires, and selfish irregular passions must be suppressed.—Resolutely conform to duty; and habit will soon make duty pleasant. And the middle and close of life will not be filled up with *vain* regrets and *painful* self-denials.

The Huzzas of Posterity.

A LITTLE boy near Hagerstown, in Maryland, was one day pointing out to me a copse of trees as the place where Washington at the head of the Virginia rangers, fought a battle long before the war of the revolution, with some Indians, headed by the French from Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh. The little fellow had some balls which had been fired in that battle, chopped from the centers of the now massive and aged oaks. I saw the sunbeam of some moral emotion was in his eyes, and I asked him further of Washington, the brave youth who led the Virginians into that thicket when the warwhoop shook its boughs, and the rifle rung in its gloom.

His mind seemed to glance like lightning through the illustrious deeds of arms in which Washington had been engaged, and settled down at the closing scene of Yorktown. He told me of one circumstance only. Said he, when the British troops were marching out of their entrenchments to lay down their arms, Washington told the American army, 'My boys, let there be no insults over a conquered foe! when they lay down their arms don't huzza; *posterity will huzza for you.*'

I could have hugged the little boy to my bosom. Although he had not probably been able to read more than four years, yet his mind had drank deep in the moral greatness of the act of sparing the feelings of a fallen foe. I asked him what it was that Washington said that posterity would do? he quickly answered, *huzza*. 'Huzza! then,' said I; and he sent his clear, wild shout into the battle-wood, and I shouted with him, 'Huzza, for Washington.'

Anecdote of Pope.

ONE day as Pope was engaged in translating the Iliad, he came to a passage, which neither he, nor his assistant, could interpret. A stranger who stood in his humble garb, very modestly suggested that he had some little acquaintance with Greek, perhaps he could assist them. 'Try it,' said Pope with the air of a boy who is encouraging a monkey to eat a red pepper. 'There is an error in the print,' said the stranger, looking at the text,

'Read as if there were no interrogation point at the end of the line, and you have the meaning at once.' Mr. Pope's assistant improved upon the hint and rendered the passage without difficulty. Mr. Pope was chagrined, he could never endure to be surpassed in any thing. Turning to the stranger he said in a sarcastic tone, 'Will you please to tell me what an interrogation is?' 'Why sir,' said the stranger, scanning the ill-shapen poet, 'it is a little, crooked, contemptible thing that asks questions.'

COMING WITHIN ONE OF IT.—'Did you intend to hit me sir?' said a gentleman dining at the Lake a few days since as a sweet potatoe came slap on the side of his head thrown by a person a little below.

'Beg your pardon sir, I did not. I intended to have hit the parson sitting next you, who is a friend of mine.'

'Well you made a d——d good shot, considering,' said a half-intoxicated wag close by. 'You came within one of it, any how.'

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

N. W. M. Sauquoit, N. Y. \$2.00; R. P. W. Stockbridge, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Jersey Shore, Pa. \$1.00; K. W. Richmond, Vt. \$1.75; J. S. Canandaigua, N. Y. \$1.00; W. E. W. Macedon, \$1.00; J. H. Victor, N. Y. \$1.00; J. V. D. Livingston, N. Y. \$3.00; H. C. Cambridge, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. T. Genoa, N. Y. \$3.00; J. F. Brooks Grove, N. Y. \$3.00; J. D. Columbiaville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. T. A. Ludlow, Vt. \$1.00; G. C. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Sherburne, Vt. \$1.00; J. P. B. Barre, Mass. \$1.00; R. G. Akron, O. \$1.00; C. M. H. Putney, Vt. \$1.00; T. W. Hinesborough, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Eagle Factory, Pa. \$5.00; P. M. Throopsville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. L. Athens, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Kirtland Mills, O. \$3.00; D. D. Redfield, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. New-York, \$1.00; D. C. M. Elmira, N. Y. \$1.00; T. C. B. Draent, Ms. \$0.81; D. B. Peru, Vt. \$1.00; W. S. Jefferson, N. Y. \$0.50; A. E. Erieville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Jackson, Pa. \$1.00; B. G. Friendsville, Pa. \$1.00; P. G. B. Kingsboro' N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Northumberland, N. Y. \$3.00; A. W. B. Troy, N. Y. \$5.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Thursday morning, the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Gibbs, Mr. A. H. Cook, to Miss Elizabeth S. eldest daughter of Elihu Gifford, Esq. all of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Philip Fraleigh, jun. of Red Hook, Dutchess Co. to Miss Jorusha Miller.

On Thursday, the 30th ult. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. Hervey Warren, of Rochester, to Miss Catalena Jesup, of Schoedack Landing.

At Ghent, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Walter Denning to Miss Helen Dunspough, both of Ghent.

At Claverack, on Saturday the 1st inst. by Peter Snyder Esq. Mr. Jacob S. Van Deusen to Miss Nancy Brissce, both of Copake.

At Ancram on the 1st inst. by Henry S. Haysdrat, Esq. Mr. Henry Moore to Miss Ellen Ann Hall, all of Ancram.

At Winsted, Ct. on the 16th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Justin Hodge of Hitchcockville to Miss Lucia Huett of Winsted.

DIED.

In this city, on the 30th ult. Robert, son of J. Steward, aged 11 months and 6 days.

On Saturday the 8th inst. Mary A. wife of Oscar Dornin, and daughter of Capt. George B. Coffin, aged 27 years.

On the 29th ult. Rhoda, daughter of Samuel Snow, aged 1 month and 8 days.

On the 2d inst. Edward M. son of William and Mary Porter, aged 2 years.

On the 11th inst. Eunice Bunker, in her 75th year.

On the 2d inst. at the residence of her son, L. W. Ten Broeck, in Livingston, Gertrude, relict of Leonard Ten Broeck, deceased, in the 84th year of her age.

In Livingston, on the 23d ult. Mrs. Christina Flint, in the 80 year of her age.

At Greenport, on the 16th of July last, Mr. Walter W. Morrison, in the 35th year of his age.

At Woodborne Col. Co. on Wednesday evening the 23d ult. James Fleming, son of Thomas R. Newbold, Esq. after an illness of three days, aged 2 years and 22 days. Also, on the 28th ult. Mary Ross, daughter of Thomas R. Newbold, Esq. aged 11 months and 10 days, after an illness of three days.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Beauty Sleeping.

DEDICATED TO A LADY.

Hush, she sleeps! a fragile blossom
Drooping ere 'tis fully blown;
Lightly o'er her youthful bosom
Is the snow-white drapery thrown.

Fashion's toys are scattered yonder;
Let the worthless trappings go,
And the loosened ringlets wander
Freely o'er her brow of snow.

Lovelier are the temples shaded
By the tresses' careless fall,
Than when gemmed, and curled and braided,
Sparkling at a midnight ball.

Mark the eyelid's silken fringes
Shadowed on the marble cheek,
Which the hue beneath just tinges
With a faintly azure streak.

See, that cheek is lightly flushing
With a gathering crimson hue,
And the lips are richly blushing
Like a rose-bud wet with dew.

They are trembling—they are parted,
With a bitter smile and sigh;
He must sure be marble-hearted
That can stand unheeding by.

Still those lovely features quiver
With an anguish all untold,
And the rose-tipt fingers shiver
Laden with their rings of gold.

Lady, thine are youth and beauty,
But thy pathway who shall tell?
If it be the path of duty,
Trust thee, all may yet be well.

Who shall tell what bitter trial
Waits to chill that throbbing heart?
Cold rebuke and stern denial,
Disappointment's cruel dart;—

Friendship in its fulness pining,
Fond and true but unreturned,
Rainbow hopes in mockery shining
Where the fires of passion burned;—

Love in all its thrilling sweetness
Sought and cherished, and forgot,
Every woe that claims its meetness
For a lovely woman's lot;—

These we fancy all, may we be
Widely guessing from the truth;
Thine are all the gifts of Hebe,
Health, and loveliness, and youth.

But thy mouth in sadness closes,
And the spoiler's seal is sure,
And thy dimpled hand reposes
On a heart that *must* endure.

Youth and beauty cannot shield thee
From the sorrows of thy race,
But to truth and virtue yield thee,
Thou shalt find a resting-place.

Not on earth, it will deceive thee,
Lean not on its treacherous breast;
May the heaven above receive thee
To interminable rest.

FIDELIA.

West Troy, August, 1838.

For the Rural Repository.

Lines

*Suggested on hearing the death of Elizabeth, only daughter
of Charles H. and Rachel Skiff; who died suddenly in
her fifth year.*

O DEATH! thy universal sting
No earthly power can e'er assuage;
All mankind thou soon wilt bring
To taste thy all-consuming rage.
A tender flower thou hast sought,
Just when it began to bloom;
A pleasing infant thou hast brought
Unto the dark and silent tomb.

Fond mother! why lament her so?
Why mournest thou above her bier?
She's left this world, she knows no woe—
Then check thy consecrated tear.
Lo! In Christ's presence now she dwells,
Void of all trouble, care and strife—
From pain she's free, for Heaven expels
All evils which beset this life.

Doting father! methinks I see
A tear bedew thy pensive eye;
Methinks oft times in deep agony
I hear thy melancholy sigh.
Then weep no more, but dry thy tears,
Trust in God, in Him she's blest;
Christ has called, and she appears,
In his presence ever more to rest.

J. McK. Jr.

Livingston, N. Y.

Childhood.

How beautiful! sang out a girl,
A fair young girl at play,
As bounding forth, she plucked the flower
That bloom'd beside her way—
'O, they shall deck my flowing hair—
How lovelier far they are,
Than any gem or diamond-stone
That ever sparkled there.'

That voice—what music in its tone—
So silvery and clear;
Like those unearthly thrilling sounds
That charm the dreamer's ear!
That step—how airy in its grace,
And fawn-like in its glide—
'Twas 'motion's poetry' indeed,
Not found in halls of pride!

Her dark eye—O, the eloquence
Of happy dreams shone there,
The bliss of Eden innocence,
Without a guile or care—
Her features wear that angel smile
Tokening the joy and mirth
Of a young spirit shadowless—
Untouch'd by aught of earth.

O, Childhood! holy, beautiful,
I weep your earthly pride—
Aye—all too soon its light is quenched,
And thou with us allied!
O, Time a *Spoiler* sure thou art,
To mar so bright a thing,
And blight so fair a vision,
As life within its spring!

Summer Time.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Oh, the sunny summer time,
Oh, the leafy summer time,
Merry is the bird's life,
When the year is in its prime!
Birds are by the water-falls
Dashing in the rainbow spray,
Everywhere everywhere
Light and lovely there are they!
Birds are in the forest old,
Building in each hoary tree;
Birds are on the green hills;
Birds are by the sea!

On the moor, and in the fen,
'Mong the whortleberries green;
In the yellow furze-bush
There the joyous bird is seen;
In the heather on the hill;
All among the mountain thyme;
By the little brook-sides.
Where the sparkling waters chime;
In the crag; and on the peak,
Splintered, savage, wild, and bare,
There the bird with wild wing
Wheeleth through the air.

Wheeleth through the breezy air,
Singing, screaming, in his flight,
Calling to his bird-mate,
In a troubleless delight!
In the green and leafy wood,
Where the branching ferns up-curl,
Soon as is the dawning,
Wakes the mavis and the merle;
Wakes the cuckoo on the bough;
Wakes the jay with ruddy breast;
Wakes the mother ring-dove
Brooding on her nest!

The Tulip and the Eglantine.

BY MRS. L. B. SIGOURNEY.

THE Tulip called to the Eglantine,
'Good neighbor, I hope you see
How the throngs that visit the gardens come
And pay their respects to me.
The florist bows to my elegant form,
And praises my rainbow ray,
Till I'm half afraid thro' his raptured eyes
He'll be gazing his soul away.'

'It may be so,' said the Eglantine,
'In a shadier nook I dwell;
And what is passing among the great
I cannot know so well;
But they speak of me as the FLOWER OF LOVE;
And that low whispered name
Is dearer to me and my infant buds,
Than the loudest breath of fame.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form and will contain
twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One
Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months
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